

THE ECHO

196

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FORT NEW AMSTERDAM

(NEW YORK), 1651.



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Except a loaned book."

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1896



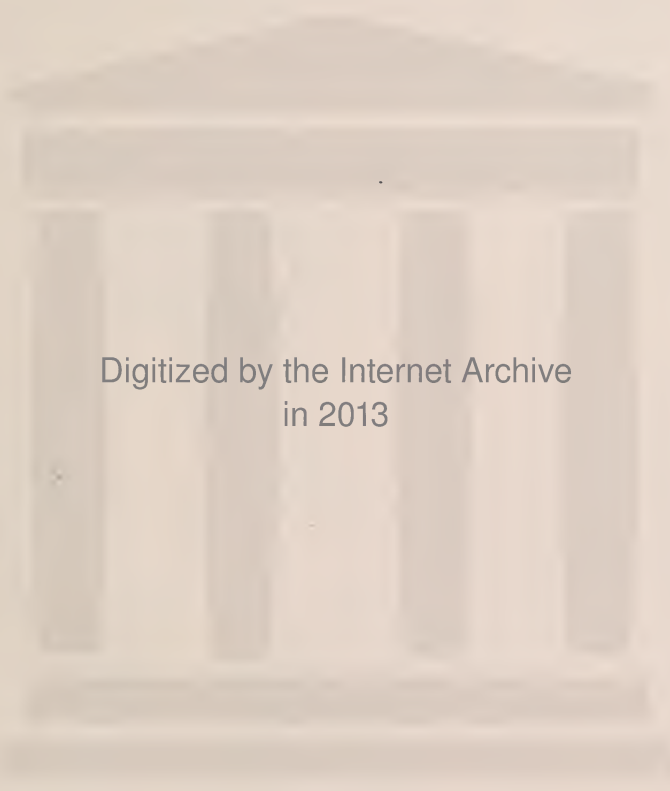
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FACULTY AND INSTRUCTORS,



Prologue.

To all who tread with us these honored halls
(At lawful distance from the frescoed walls)—
To all who feel, in the external sphere,
Deep interest in our Alma Mater dear—
To all, in short, who willing are to pay



The requisite, take, little book, thy way.
First to the *Duck*; she cometh—mark her well,
She seeks the corridor where Seniors dwell.
Still in her youthful medals she is dight,
Her heart, her studies, both as yet are light.
For, spoonfed still, how can the infant know
The trials that her elders undergo?
The *Freshman's* lot lacks Duckhood's sweet repose;
"Shades of the prison house begin to close
About the growing" girl. Her brain now teems
With botany, and, tossed with troubled dreams,
The ruthless ghost of Cæsar she observes
Hunting her down with parabolic curves.
And now behold the bumptious *Sophomore*,
She thinks she knows it all—and something more.

Let Freshmen in their dreams of lessons moan—
 It is the Soph'more's family who groan.
 At meals of physiology she prates,
 Till woeful looks are turned toward untouched plates ;



And, to increase the poignance of their woes,
 Murders the scraps of Shakspeare that she knows,
 Nor does poor Vergil 'scape her ruthless tongue;
 She will learn better—she is very young.



And then the *Junior*, studious and sedate,
 Fondly expectant of her next year's state ;
 She quotes from Horace with judicious ease,
 Her chapel-speaking never fails to please ;

"This is her love," and this her purpose high,
To be a radiant Senior, by and by.
A SENIOR! Wondrous word! But who can tell
The gems compacted in that shining shell?
Her voice displays the "cultivated tone,"
Her manner an "attraction" all its own,
And still around her like a halo cling
Phantom diplomas tied with satin string.
But soon she finds, when college days are o'er,
In life's great school *she* is a Duck once more.
So to each one the endless circle round,
Go, little book, upon thine errand bound.
"The last shall be the first"—we know 'tis true.
Yet, when these few brief pages you review,
We fain would hope, when judgments all are passed,
That this *first* Annual shall not be the *last*.

For the Class of '96.

I.

THERE comes a time unto the fair young boy
When he must place with rev'rent hand away
The fairy book, the top, the last new toy,
And feel upon his head the mother lay
 In tender love her hand ;
And out from all the nearness of her life
Must pass to mingle with the band
Of those who feel the keenness of the strife.
Now are we come to a like sacred hour,
And from our mother's house we too must go.
Oh, might I sing a song of mystic power !
A song that would in some wise be a dower
To us of all we feel, believe, yea, know !

II.

We came as children to those dear old halls,
Children with half-awakened eyes
Reflecting only blueness of the skies,
Nor any gloom that dark-fringed cloud recalls.
Perchance we knew not wherefore we had come ;
We only felt, as day succeeded day,
That we had found a fair, a goodly way.

III.

We learned—something of what the world respects ;
Beginnings of the scientific lore,
A little from the wise men's mighty store ;
But something more that not the mind detects,
Which crept by influence divinely deep
Into our souls that nevermore may sleep,
Since they have felt, from some great soul above
Our weak words' utterance, all the fire of love.

IV.

Love—love of thee, O mother ! tender, true !
Thou who hast watched our growth thro' many years ;
Love of thy older daughters not a few
Who have with love dispelled our childish fears ;

Love of our comrades!—O love, best indeed!—
 Comrades with whom we've trod the happy way!
 O mother! why hast thou so harsh decreed
 That each of us now from thy halls must stray—
 How can we go? O mother! let us stay—
 Our hearts refuse—we will not go away.

A voice is felt within the beating heart,
 A voice all tenderness that speaketh low;
 It saith that only outwardly we part,
 And that the outward parting should be so.
 There is a nearness that outlimits space,
 The spirit's gleam, that comes without the face.

V.

O mother, we are weak, we know it well;
 We tremble at a life untried and new.
 We pale before the mysteries we must read,
 We do not know what Life and Death may mean;
 But, mother, we shall go, and strive to glean
 One truth, that some poor fainting soul may feed;
 One hope, that may with life some heart imbue;
 A meaning deep and worthy us to tell.

VI.

So bless us, mother, now, and evermore;
 Look to us often from thy castle door
 To see what speed we make,
 Whether we sleep or wake.
 We would not try to thank thee for thy gifts,
 But as the wind the flower's dust uplifts
 And scatters broad—so shall we with thy love.
 And in thy heart remember that we hold
 The Ivy Leaf above all gems and gold.
 And, comrades!—never may we say farewell;
 Forevermore our lives have touched and met.
 We could not, if we would, the good forget.
 We part—it must be so,
 The hour is come—we go;
 Oh, ere we part—one word and then a vow!
 Now in all silence let us bow
 The head—as in our hearts we say:
 "For all the happy, happy years,
 Our loving thanks—we cannot help the tears—

And as we go we'll clasp the hands,
And promise that all love demands
We'll try to give ;
And then we'll live
Lives holier now,
Because *together* we've begun
Our journey toward the rising sun."

And as a parting prayer,
I lightly fling.
The " God-speed " out upon the air
And cease to sing.

ELLEN DE KOSTER,

June, 1896.

Echo from Aev



WOULD ye ask me where I heard it,
Heard this little tale so doleful,
I would tell you of a gray mouse,
Just a little cunning fat mouse
Who lives in the Normal College;
In a small though deep hole which is
"Darker than the darkest darkness
Of the darkest night in winter."
One night from this deep and dark hole
Came the mouse, and slowly wandered
Round the room. Then, sighing, said she :
"All have gone. Those charming maidens
Nevermore will walk these halls here ;
Nevermore will throw their crumbs here.
All the seats and desks are empty.
What a panic's in my breastie !
Woe is me ! Pain, pain forever !
Well I mind me of the time when
They were Ducks, and from the gallery
Gazed with looks of admiration
On the Seniors down below them ;
Looks of wonder and of longing
For the time to come when they too
Should be grave and reverend Seniors.

Then they'd never laugh in chapel,
Never talk on stairs or hallway ;
Each one would know three quotations,
Each girl would take all the prizes.
But alas ! Things proved so different.
When, next year, they were promoted
To the chapel floor, I followed.
For I could not leave those maidens,
They were all so bright and witty.
Often, in their recitations,
They would make a speech so funny
That I sat upon the basket
And just held my sides with laughing,
Never looking at the dainties
(Orange-seeds and crumbs of spice-cake)
They had left me from their lunches,—
Only laughing, laughing, laughing.
When again they were promoted
Through the ventilator ran I
Down to Room Nine, where my girls were.
So delighted were these maidens,
And so touched at my devotion,
That they forthwith held a banquet,
Held a banquet in my honor ;
And some four months after gave they
A collation in the kitchen.
All the remnants of the feasting
Each time left they for my dinner.
Ah ! if those times had but lasted !
But since Fall those girls were Seniors,
Had their desks and books in Room One,
Where I, too, had emigrated.
But I saw them very seldom,
For those girls were ever wandering ;
Never stayed they in their classroom,
Left me all alone with strange girls,
Ever changing, changing classrooms.
Though at noontime they were with me,
Not a mouthful of their lunches
Gave they me, but took it downstairs,
Threw it into large tin barrels,
Which the janitor had placed there,
So that I was almost starvèd.
Even this I could forgive them ;
But the greatest blow came when they
Chose a kitten for a mascot !



1902

No more funny speeches made they—
Only talked in French or Latin—
Always called me Mus Musculus.
Ah ! I guessed not why those maidens
Looked so sad and always studied ;
Knew not that examinations
Long and hard were fast approaching ;
Knew it not until one morning
I heard all the students singing,
Singing songs of lamentation.
Then I knew that my old comrades
Soon must leave their Alma Mater ;
So I said, ' I'll make their last days
In this college very pleasant ;'
So I sat upon the basket
And made faces at the students.
But they never paid a moment
Of attention to my antics,
Nor a word of commendation ;
Only spoke of marks and essays.
Yet I can't be angry with them.
Yet I love them very dearly,
And this morning when they came in,
Dressed in white, with lace and ribbons,
Looking, oh ! so very pretty,
Springs of love gushed from my small heart,
And I blessed them all together.
Now they're gone, and all the benches
Look forlorn, and sad and lonely.
Other girls will take their places,
Other students will be Seniors ;
Yet I know, if I should live till
White my whiskers, bald my round head,
Never would I see girls like them.
That is why I feel so lonely ;
Why I'm weeping and lamenting
ACV is gone forever."

J. H. B., '96.

Echo from BC^v

IN the state of mind into which one falls after examinations, it is impossible to write a class history. Instinctively one starts to divide it into areas, ages, and periods ; one begins to enumerate



Another fond hope vanished !

the rock system, one of the most extensive of which is the Latin synopsis. Shake off Geology and we avoid Scylla to fall into Charybdis, for we are led to detail it objectively.

Away, examinations! we have met you on the field of battle. Have we conquered? Awful uncertainty. Can we write a history when the crisis of that history is not passed?

Come into the College, ascend the fire-proof stairs, and reach Room Two.

Look about you. The windows are raised exactly $11\frac{7}{8}$ inches from the bottom, the corner is void of crumbs, the blackboard has been washed within the month, and the rubbers look as if cleaned only last year. Yes, there is a picture rail, too.

This is the residence of BC^v ; this is the mansion of the Germans, Greeks, and French.

BC^v have naturally angelic characters. If you have heard anything to the contrary, it is because BC^v does not make an ostentatious display of its virtues.

During their Senior year the students of BC^v have felt it necessary to help the other Seniors uphold the dignity of seniorhood. From their experience they can justly say it is easy to be dignified; it is easy to enunciate distinctly in chapel ; easy, too, to



teach calisthenics gracefully; but it is hard, hard, to keep scraps of paper in the basket and out of their native element, which is most indubitably the floor. The scrap-basket figures largely in student life, and may be said to mirror the moral state of a class.

BC^V belongs to the class of Innovators. In their sophomore year they held a spread in honor of the winners of the prize debate, and that year too was held the first of our annual excursions to Bronx.

And, oh, marvel of marvels! BC^V had her register in attendance the day before her examinations!

And now she has completed her course. No class can feel greater sorrow at leaving the old home and the cherished associations of the College, or deeper gratitude for the Alma Mater's gifts.

Echo from Eliv

How strange it seems to look backward to the first September morning when our hearts beat wildly at the thrilling prospect of becoming participants in the glory and the wisdom of this home of learning! As we glance rapidly over the intervening years, so filled with experiences both humorous and pathetic, we gasp at the swiftness of Time's flight, and marvel at the powers of a class which in so short a time could achieve such wonders in the way of a reputation.



It counts many celebrities among its members—notably an embryo lawyer, who has entrapped many an unsuspecting instructor into an hour-long argument, to the great delight of lazy students; a budding actress, whose impersonation of

certain members of the faculty has been highly amusing; a young lady who bids fair to become an accomplished housewife, if those distracting “drives” are continued with as great frequency and under circumstances as agreeable as heretofore; and a student whose devotion to botany is pathetic in its intensity. The last carries large boxes full of specimens around the hall for hours, unquestionably in the interests of science. She spends the whole May week learning unpronounceable names of plants, and all with the laudable ambition of pleasing her teacher.

After a course which will be memorable in more ways than one, and which has been the source of much pleasure to us all, A^{IV} says not “Au revoir,” but “Adieu,” with best wishes for the prosperity of its successors.



Echo from Biv

THE atmosphere of Room Four has for some time past been pervaded by lines of magnetic force, all pointing toward the loadstone, Commencement. Even the examinations caused only a temporary disturbance, and the induced current flows on. We are telegraphed to the 25th of June.

This, then, is the mountain peak of our desires, and under the solvent action of the parting tears which fill every eye it seems to be fast crumbling away.

The presentation of diplomas has begun. The long procession is crossing the platform, each in utter self-forgetfulness (?) receiving her diploma with graceful bow. Miss Z. of A^{IV} takes her seat, the Honorable President turns to the right and calls the first of the beloved names.

Perhaps it is that "Blessings brighten as they take their flight"; perhaps the mist aforementioned has a decomposing effect on the sunshine; certainly a new, ethereal light streams over the girls of B^{IV} as they pass along. The assurances of kindly Commissioners as to the power of our personal charms, received at the time with laughter, recur to our minds. Surely we may be pardoned a little family pride!

But what is this? O shades of Horace, Byron, Lessing, give us words to express our horror! What Roentgen has entered the chapel with truth-revealing rays? Where a moment before stood dainty forms with artistically arranged hair, we now see but a row of astral selves, of characters.

First appear the highly respected students, of whom it might be said,

*"Certat si proprio condidunt horreo
Quidquid de Scholastis verritur areis."*

Accordingly they appear furnished with shovel and hair-broom, spectacles and microscope at hand, walking "with promptitude

and celerity" that no one may be before them, yet cautiously, too, overlooking no smallest grain of knowledge.

Following closely come the mathematically accurate spirits, they who have the power to forecast, in whose ears is ever ringing the despairing cry, "Oh, tell me where our next lesson in Ichthyology is!" "What page of the Zend Avesta do we take to-morrow?" And their careful notebooks are well prepared to answer. The sight of their calm faces gives us a little thrill of comfort in the midst of bewildered grief, but alas for their pretty attire! Every flower has become a compass, every ribbon a measuring-line, in each bit of lace and even in the waves of their hair lurk mystic symbols whose meaning none but surveyors know.



From the realm of fancy

As our dreamy poets step upon the platform we start again—if only we were behind the pillars and could rub our eyes! The forms have vanished, only a light mist remains. Hark! Are those their voices? From far away come the words: "And Hymettian barks bring columns cut off from the end of Africa—" A tender smile steals over every face. Dear girls! their thoughts could never be imprisoned in the classroom; what more fitting than that their bodies should also soar? They reappear on the further steps with the wondering look of genius rudely recalled from the realm of fancy to that of question and answer.



To that of question and answer.

The mystic light has faded. The chord to rise is struck for the last time. As we march down the aisle our one feeling is profound thankfulness that we were not displayed in exact order of size, and curious necks may be craned in vain to identify the characters in B^{IV}.



Echo from Civ
Elegy on a Pile of Examination Papers.

(*With Apologies to Thomas Gray.*)

THE bell has tolled the knell of yellow sheets ;
The girls walk slowly homeward through the parks
(Their voices sound along the sunlit streets),
And College leave to papers and to marks.

Now fade the ghostly stairways from the sight ;
A solemn stillness all the rooms has girt ;
Save where the sweepers vainly try to fight
Their enemies of papers, dust, and dirt.

Upon the desk where wisdom holds its sway,
Where books and papers lie in scattered mass,
Repose the products of this weary day—
The *examination papers* of my class.

The destinies of fifty maidens lie
Within those sheets of sickly yellow hue ;
How bravely erstwhile did those fifty try
To write of something that they never knew !

With what a glance of mingled dread and hate
Were these poor sheets regarded when first laid
Before the victims, while they fret and wait
The bell that seems to be so long delayed !

With what a sense of injury and pain
The yellow papers must have viewed the white !
For all the first regarded with disdain,
While longing of the latter to get sight.

The bell has struck ! A rushing like the wind—
A flash of white—ejaculated “ Ohs ! ”
Then silence, while each maiden tries to find
A question that she's positive she knows.

What groans of anguish have these papers heard !
 What groans would they have fain emitted too !
 As, hearing first, "I cannot write a word,"
 A pencil fiercely jabs them through and through.

"A yellow melancholy"—this same tint
 Is now revealed on many a face once bright—
 And where this ghastly color does not glint,
 Each countenance shows forth a pallid white.

For now the bell that once was hailed with glee
 Is welcomed by a chorus of "Too bad !"
 While all the class are scribbling frantic'ly,
 And trying vainly one more word to add.

Let not ambition rack your harrowed brains—
 You ne'er can hope to win by such a tool.
 She does the best who always calm remains,
 And in the midst of horrors keeps quite cool.

The glow of honors and of student power,
 The joy of place, the weeks of midnight cram,
 Await alike the inevitable hour ;
 All paths in college lead but to exam.

Perhaps in this great pile a paper lies,
 Of one predestined to eternal fame ;
 As writer, painter, someone may arise
 To highest rank, and glorify her name.

A future poet, orator, or seer
 May here have written, with a scrambling hand,
 A name that may, in some dim, future year,
 Be known and honored over all the land.

For you who, mindful of th' unnumbered mass,
 Would fain of them some passing notice take,
 A brief review of this most famous class,
 With your permission, then, I'll undertake.

THE CLASS.

Full rough the road our weary feet have prest
 Has been, while traveling up toward Learning's home ;
 For we, without abiding-place of rest,
 O'er miles of hall and stairway 've had to roam.



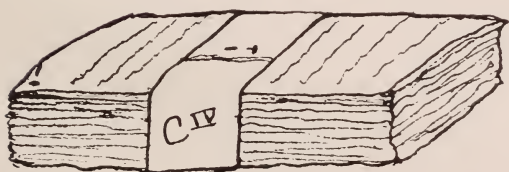
Yet still unspoiled our temper, mild our ways,
Much do we study, much we seek to know ;
And we've been working, not for idle praise,
But that our minds with knowledge we might stow.

How could CIV be otherwise than good,
Nay more, angelic, I should rather say,
With her who at the helm a year has stood ?
An honored BISHOP guides our wandering way !

As when of old the very birds of air
Flit round the shrine where sainted priest did wait,
So our ecclesiast doth sometimes bear,
Within her train, a MARTIN's pleasing MATE.

When wandering o'er the SANDS we often see
A heap of DOWNS upon the shore piled high,
While but a SHORT way further, merrily
Some tiny BROOKS are murmuring, splashing by.

No farther seek our merits to disclose,
Nor show our frailties to the vulgar crowd.
From " self-praise never commendation rose,"
And " self-confession ne'er should be allowed."



Echo from Div

"WHAT a storm ! Here I am, and here I shall stay," said I one December day in the year 1901. It was too dark to read, but too early to light the gas, so I threw myself on the sofa to watch



the storm. Before I was aware of it I was looking at a rain-drop, and watching its course as it ran to join its sister drops. This led me back to the old College days, when we were *mentally* watching raindrops.

It grew gradually darker, but my thoughts were not with the outside world, for it seemed that I was in old Room Five, examining stalactites and stalagmites. I must have fallen asleep, for I was awakened by a cheery voice calling to me, "Why, what are you doing here all alone in the dark ? Aren't you coming to the reunion ?"

I jumped up with a start. "Why, who is there ? Your voice is strangely familiar."

Whoever it was, she told me, while still invisible, that having heard I lived so near, she had decided to call for me as a surprise. She kept up a continuous chatter till I was fairly dizzy.

The gas once lighted, for a moment I was at a loss to know who this beautiful, well-developed young woman could be. Who but my old classmate, Etta !

We set out together. When we came within a block of our destination I heard a frightful din. I could well understand it. My classmates would never get over that habit of gossiping. At



sight of me there was a terrible uproar. "Don't come in here! There is noise enough as it is!"

A quiet voice was trying to restore order. After finding a seat I looked up to see the owner of the voice. That happy-looking individual cannot be our sore-tried President! Next to her at the table was the Secretary, still the same quiet girl as of old. She told me she was teaching a Kindergarten class, and that the children returned her affection for them with compound interest.

But who was that quiet lady sitting with a—no, it cannot be—but yes it is—a Stopford Brooke in her hand? Was not one hundred per cent. enough for her, that she must needs carry the book with her through life?

"Won't you look at me?" said a voice at my side. Turning, I saw—what joy!—my old friend, who during the four years had always been seated in front of me. She too had not remained long in the loved profession of teaching, but could not quickly enough describe to me the little dream of a home she had. Still the same old Agnes! I excused myself, and almost fell in my haste to reach a sweet-faced "Sybil," who was seated in the background; as always, "the modest violet born to blush unseen." I was delighted to find that she had remained true to her vocation, strenuous pleadings to the contrary notwithstanding. How clearly I remember her voice—"I don't know the answer, but I studied *so* hard."

Suddenly someone rose to speak. I looked up to see a dazzlingly beautiful woman of about twenty-three. I knew it was Annie, wonderfully transformed. She afterward informed me that she gave public lectures on Pedagogy, but was to give this up soon for a more delightful occupation.

After speaking some time with the members, I found that the modest violet, one other quiet girl, and myself were the only ones who were true to our profession. I was rejoiced to see that not one of the fifty was unhappy. I was just on the point of inviting them to visit me, when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and recognized my sister's voice as in a dream. I jumped up, and there she was laughing at me. She informed me that dinner had been ready half an hour. I arose reluctantly, sorry enough to find that my joyous meeting with the old D^{IV} girls was only a dream.

Echo from Eiv

WHEN we entered College in 1892, as trembling Introductories, our home was in the Chapel. We were obliged to wander eternally, going from room to room, with our appetites and our shoe-leather varying in inverse ratio. But this year passed quickly, and as Freshmen we were given a classroom of our own on the top floor. About this time geometry, algebra, and German history became so overpowering that a few of our classmates slipped quietly out of the College, never to return.



As Sophomores we resided in the drawing room, where we enjoyed the company of the old Greek and Roman heroes, whose plaster ghosts adorned our room. One silly fellow always seemed to grin when we missed in recitation, and Cicero looked *so* bored and almost bit his lip in rage when we adorned his classic brow with a Tam o' Shanter cap.

But these heroes were nothing in comparison with the real live heroine in our class. One day, during a lesson in Chapel, our teacher coolly requested a girl in the rear to *drive away a mouse*. The mouse, however, being very dignified, considered haste as a mark of imbecility, and refused to run. Our heroine then picked it up by its tail, and bore it downstairs in triumph.

But oh, the hopes, the joys, the fears, of Seniors! The fears were in excess whenever we were to spend a week in the Training Department. When the fatal day arrived, we passed in nervous haste over the Bridge of Sighs. We listened breathlessly for our names, and the number of the room to which we were assigned. It sometimes happened that a poor girl had to mount the strait and narrow stairs to the top floor, and as she placed



her hand upon a certain knob, was seized by weird hobgoblins, who whispered, "Leave hope behind, all ye who enter here!" Still the class received many superior reports, in spite of the fact that the children of the present generation are clever far beyond their years.

E^{IV} of '96 has been a very literary class, as is shown by the number of girls who belong to the societies. Among these is Miss Anna Weustink, the winner of this year's prize debate.

As our standing as a class has been high, and our conduct as admirable as necessity required, we know there will be bitter tears shed for us on the 25th of June. But we shall always remain loyal to our Alma Mater, and shall look back with pride and pleasure upon the last of our College days.

Class Presidents.

Class of '96.—Mary Varian Riblet.

ACV.—Anna L. Mix.

BCV.—Mary Varian Riblet.

AV.—Cora Cook.

BIV.—Clara Hortense Hammond.

CV.—Margäret Gorton Bishop.

DIV.—Anita Pachner.

EIV.—Mary A. Brower.

ACIV.—Edyth Ryttenberg.

BCIV.—Anne Elisa Finkenaur.

AM.—Emma C. Gerdes.

BIII.—Jessie McPherson.

CIII.—Ella Ostrander.

DIII.—Etta G. Mitchell.

EIII.—Irene C. Fowler.

ACIII.—Maud G. Hopkins.

BCIII.—Maud Simonton Lyon.

CCIII.—Jessie L. Patchen.

DCIII.—Mattie E. Hyatt.

AII.—May J. Molloy.

BII.—Margaret S. Livingston.

CII.—Helen Regina Curry.

DII.—Florence E. Neu.

EII.—Lillie Bleyer.

ACII.—May Hopkins.

BCII.—Verona B. Raefle.

CCII.—Bessye McCulloch.

DCII.—Ellen Langdon.

ECII.—Helen Louise Bates.

Af.—Lillie Nagh.

Bf.—Margaret Cummings.

Cf.—Caroline W. Brindley.

Ag.—Marie L. Schuler.

Bg.—May Pearl DeZeller.

Cg.—Jessie Harrower.

Acf.—Grace E. Lowry.

Bcf.—Irma S. Bock.

Ccf.—Catherine W. Sandford.

Dcf.—Bertha Maxwell Palmer.

Cgk.—Millicent A. Newkirk.

The Odyssey of the "Echo" Staff.

It is with emotion almost too deep for words that I, positively the latest and newest Ulysses, invoke the assistance of the tragic Muse while I hand down to posterity the record of my wanderings, and those of my five companions, in our search for a fixed and enduring abode.

Soon after the fall of vacation's citadels, we found ourselves in a country with a Greek name, which we translated "Wadleigh Alcove." We were most comfortably established, having upholstered leathern chairs and a table with a foot-rest. Round the walls were ranged, in files, the mental products of our predecessors, and bulky files of brain they were.

But one dread day our dream of bliss was rudely broken. We found, to our dismay, that our Greek was weak, and our translation of the name of our abode all wrong. We were in the region of the Lotus eaters! Not ancient Egyptian lotus of course, but a modern substitute, in the shape of a fatal pastry which rendered partakers physical and æsthetic wrecks. Our predecessors had fallen easy victims to the curse of the place. But we did not sin: we had not time. We were hurried away by an irresistible power ere we should yield, as they had done, to the allurements of the country, or worse, like them, blacken our infamy by leaving any *crumbs* as unmistakable evidence of our guilt. Trembling and breathless, yet sad, we took a hurried departure, each staggering under a heavy load of the aforementioned predecessors' brains.

Up and down we went, seeking only to hide the shame of our banishment. We found ourselves presently in an underground chamber full of the bones of men and other creatures long since dead. Grinning skeletons peered at us on every hand. Filled with dread of a nameless evil, we hurried forth, never stopping in our hasty flight till we reached the very heart of the country of the Cyclopes.



THE FACULTY.

These were a race of intellectual giants, some thirty or forty in number. Each presided over a cave, or in Cycloptongue, "class room." These giants resembled the ancient race of the name in that, while the Cyclopes of olden times had but one eye, these had one too many. With one orb less they could easily have desried the frightened band, seeking safety in an enemy's country.

Fair were their so-called class rooms, and, in excess of confidence, we entered one near at hand. It was empty. We seated ourselves and set about the task of collecting our thoughts. Here another danger overtook us—one which no research in mythological lore would have led us to anticipate in this place. This temptation was no other than Circe, the Goddess of Gossip, who came in invisible form and took possession of my ill-fated party. On the very brink of yielding to her diabolical influence, an instant's flash



of reason returned. I saw my dear comrades fast assuming the parrot's hooked beak, its inky tongue and metallic tone. By a mighty effort of *thought*, the only weapon of use against gossip, I succeeded in repelling the sorceress and freeing my companions.



Scarcely was this danger past when the door swung open and there entered the flock of the Cyclopean ruler of the cave. At last she herself appeared, sent upon us one flash of her superfluous eye, then seizing at one fell swoop our six hopes, she dashed out their life in an instant, and feasted upon them with great avidity.

Glad enough to escape, we fled the place and resumed our wanderings. We had not proceeded far when a glaring sign met

our eyes: "Beware of the Sirens!" From either side came strains of entrancing melody. Fearing for my self-control, I besought three of my companions to form around me a magic tri-



angle, by means of some long wands which lay at hand. They further armed themselves with dumb-bells, and we proceeded. My will forsook me completely. My companions told me afterward that I used every means to induce them to release me. I pleaded personal illness, need of medical advice, tried force. Then my plaint changed into a moan for "A Friend!" My three companions were so

absorbed in their care for me that they escaped danger. But the two who were free hesitated, and were lost. My frenzy past, I turned my head just in time to see them disappear—one into a passage whence issued strains of heavenly poesy, the other beneath the doorway of a booth of flowers.

Nothing could have saved them except that the Sirens did not hold reception on that day, although they had neglected to silence the magic strains. *Sic eos servavit Apollo*, and they emerged again just as we had almost ceased to hope.

But we had Scylla and Charybdis yet to pass. Charybdis is a terrible whirlpool, which alternately draws in and expels the surrounding waters with irresistible force. It is, in fact, the whirlpool of the displeasure of the king of the realm. On the left is





THE "ECHO" STAFF.

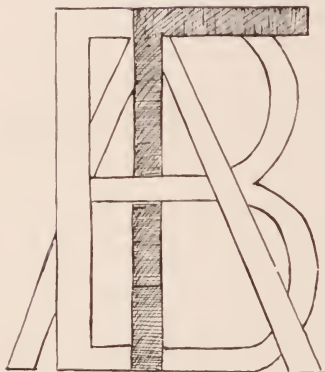
Charybdis, and close on the right, Scylla. Now Scylla is a six-headed monster, sometimes called Vocal Music. Her method of torture consists in taking victims, one in each of her jaws, and there holding them while she bids them sing until they are utterly exhausted. Then she drops them to turn to new fields and warblers new.

Realizing to our dismay that she had just mouths enough to accommodate us all, we centered on her all our thoughts—but in vain. The six heads descended, the six mouths opened, and the six luckless beings were all but taken, when we pressed too far to the left to escape the yawning jaws, and were swept into the raging waters of Charybdis.

A moment after, dazed and stunned, we found ourselves cast out again at the very portals of the King's palace. With the courage born of despair, we made our way into the presence of the King. What was our surprise to find as kind a face as ever we had seen. We prostrated ourselves before him, poured out our tale of woe, and begged his mercy. He lifted us with his own hands, and sent us, rejoicing, to the library of his palace. Here the books are so numerous that I doubt whether my five companions and myself could so much as dust them in a week. Here we are seeking repose after our hardships, and here we hope to abide till the labors of Ulysses the Last and his comrades all are ended.

Alpha Beta Gamma.

THE Alpha numbers her years in centuries, or rather quarter centuries, as her twenty-fifth anniversary was celebrated in January. Of course this entailed much anxiety, and it must be



said a great degree of importance, on those who had the celebration in charge. Something startling was necessary on that important date, in order to impress it deeply upon the minds of her disciples.

In moments of madness we thought of producing some prominent play with a cast that would put Irving's to shame ; but on due consultation this was considered impracticable, as it was entirely too philanthropic to give such an excellent entertainment for less than three dollars a ticket.

In calmer (?) moments we had serious intentions of writing our own play, as nothing we could find was quite suitable. (Being suitable consisted in having *all* star parts, with nothing manly to contend against.)

Finally, after much deliberation, a one-act comedy was decided upon as being the only one which filled all requirements. But, *entre nous*, nine hearts were heard to break as the decision was rendered in favor of the farce above mentioned. Why that one was selected it is really very hard to say, unless it be that the name "Economical Boomerang" appealed to the treasury.

Yet, as we said afterward, mayhap it was for the best, for what contention might have arisen among theatrical managers to obtain possession of the treasure, had we written our own play, no one can surmise.

It may be betraying confidence to take the reader behind the scenes during the rehearsals ; but lest you may imagine our path



SOCIETY COUNCILS.

has been strewn with roses, we must mention here that it was heartrending to the manager to see six characters, one dressed for her part, while the others pranced about in the most fascinating disorder, endeavoring to find out whom they were impersonating. The masculine members of the company were unusually picturesque, having no other sign to denote their manliness than a couple of short-haired wigs (when three were necessary). These sometimes decorated the sides of two of the messieurs' heads, but more often were found hanging dejectedly on the back of a chair.

The other incidents of our anniversary have been published, but all mention of this portion has heretofore been suppressed. As we who are writing this article are about to make our exit from the college, we grow daring and throw all care to the winds.

Another great event of the year, our prize debate, we will not dwell upon. The defeated side seldom has anything to say. This only must be spoken of: we were exceedingly proud of our debaters, and though defeated, theirs was a glorious defeat, and our banner waved on high all the following week.

Our last but not least affair was our meeting on Arbor Day. At this time we planted a tree (or so we called it, and I am not under oath) on the lawn. It was a gala occasion, and if the tree takes any inspiration from the song which accompanied the planting operation, it ought to thrive; rather, as it survives the song, we have strong hopes of its living forever.

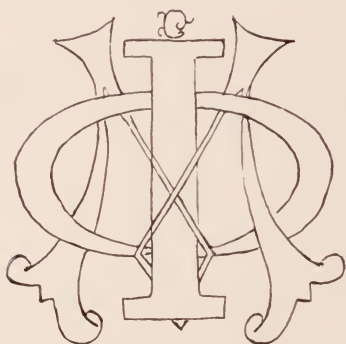
The Alphas have always been famed for their dignity and their digestion.

No society in college can so recklessly buy out the lunch counter or devour such "spreads." And why not? Are not spreads necessary to produce such brain-tiring effusions as mark the Alpha's meetings?

The horizon is bright with our hopes in the coming council. We leave our Alpha in their hands with two bits of advice. We want quality, not quantity, in society productions, and let the *Echo* resound our war-cry, "Vive l'Alpha!"

The Philomathean Society—Retrospect of 1896.

IN reviewing the work of the Philomathean Society one cannot fail to observe that the past year has been a most exceptional one. Everyone started in with the determination to make this



year a brilliant success, and certainly, in looking over past records, no year can be found to compare with it. This was our anniversary year, and all rose to the requirements of the occasion.

The regular programmes have been unusually good, especially the debates ; in fact, the standard of all work has been perceptibly raised. Quotation matches have been made a special feature, and the year's work ended with a very lively match ; a prize being presented to the successful young lady.

November 18, the twenty-fifth birthday of the society, was celebrated becomingly, and all agreed that nothing more could be wished for when silver-crowned Philomatheia received from her devoted followers the beautiful banner which floats so proudly in Chapel on state occasions.

Even the Christmas plays, always a striking feature of the society year, seemed better than usual.

But on April 10, the day of the Prize Debate, when a glorious victory was so nobly won for us by Miss Weustink, then it was that our cup was filled to overflowing.

The membership of the society has increased wonderfully. In order that the members might become better acquainted, May 8 was set apart for purely social intercourse. This "Friendship Day" proved exceedingly pleasant, and certainly attained its object.



Thursday, June 18, was the day of the final reunion. Our only regret is that at the end of this happy year we must lose many of those who have so faithfully served the purple and gold; so truly upheld its motto, *Famam extendere factis*. Greatly will we miss the leaders who have made our course through this college year so bright, and they go forth attended by the deep gratitude of those they leave behind.

Savoir, Pouvoir, Vouloir.

(*A Celles Qui Vont Partir.*)

L'IGNORANCE est la lourde chaîne
 Qui nous empêche de surgir :
 Brisez la, vous dont l'âme est pleine
 De brillants rêves d'avenir !
 Brisez la ! Pour choisir la voie
 Qui mène, sans nous décevoir,
 Au jour, au succès, à la joie.
 Il faut savoir.

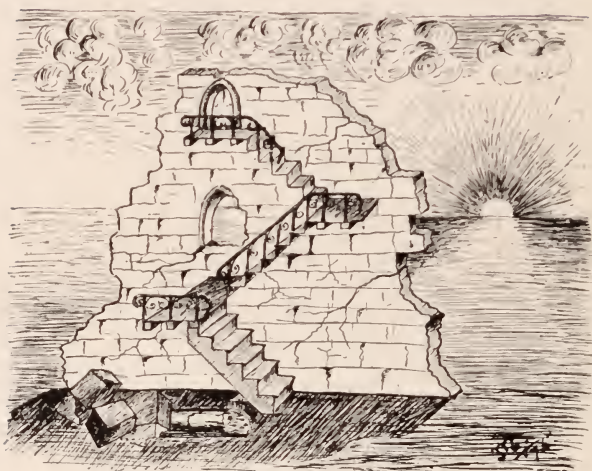
La science aux sublimes faites,
 Aux prodiges inachevés,
 Vous montrera ce que vous êtes,
 Et surtout ce que vous pouvez.
 Pour produire une œuvre féconde,
 Qui résiste aux ombres du soir,
 Digne de vous, utile au monde,
 Il faut pouvoir.

Mais cela ne suffit pas même ;
 Il est un but plus exalté,
 Dont la condition suprême
 Est l'effort de la volonté.
 Pour aller au combat sans craindre,
 Pour vaincre, aux sommets du devoir
 Pour aspirer et pour atteindre,
 Il faut vouloir.

A. B. T.

Anno Domini 2500.

I MET a traveler from an antique land
Who said : " Two large and fireproof stairs of steel
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, some scattered fragments lie. Their form,
The highly pointed arch seen close at hand,
Tell that the building was of Gothic style,



Which once stood there, formed of these half-burned boards,
And bricks of which remain but one small pile.
And by these winds, I heard the words breathed low :
' This was the Normal College, whither hordes,
Of eager students daily did repair.'
Only the stairs remain. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

J. H. B., '96.

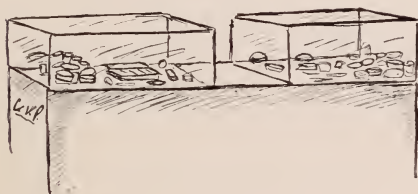


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The report of this association was not forthcoming until after our journal went to press, so our special artist inserted the above, sketched on the spot.

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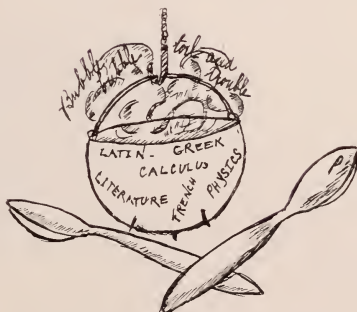


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In Daisy-time.

IN daisy-time, when dip and dart
The swallows, and the meadows start
To sudden beauty ; when appear
The queenly darlings of the year ;
When we may lay our books apart ;
Then from the city's heated heart
All nature calls us to depart,
And stretches hands to draw us near,
In daisy-time.

Yet, tracing Memory's golden chart
Of the past year, with loving art,
We fain would linger fondly here.
Our Alma Mater's ne'er so dear
As on the day when we must part,
In daisy-time.



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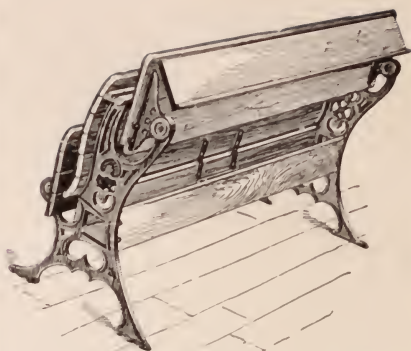
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